MICKIE SAYS—



New Version of Legend Concerning St. Patrick

The legend of St. Patrick driving the snakes out of Ireland, as told in "Wonder Garden," by Frances Jenkins Olcott, is that St. Patrick found Ireland filled with snakes, serpents, demons and toads, and determined to rid the country of them. So he gathered them all together and bade them go to the top of Crochan Acla. Some refused because they knew they would be forced into the sea from the mountain top. St. Patrick, knowing they feared the sound of a bell, rang one very gently. Immediately they rushed to the top of the mountain and from there over the side of a cliff into the sea.

Some of the reptiles, however, hid in a cave near the edge of the sea. The saint rang the bell again, but in vain, as the surf drowned out its chimes. The reptiles were safe until he flung the bell over the mountain to and into the hollow where they were hiding. It fell on their backs and they plunged into the sea. Never since that day have snakes been seen in the land and some folks say that the bell lies hidden under the earth in the hollow of Crochan Acla.

The legend is symbolic of the fact that St. Patrick cleansed Ireland of its sins and brought it the faith.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Government by Soviets, That Replaced Czarism

A definition and explanation of the term "Soviet," made by Webster's New International dictionary, is as follows: "Soviet: A council, specifically, either one of two governing bodies (village soviets, town soviets) in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, established as a result of the Russion revolution of 1917 and by the constitution of the republic of July, 1918, and later by the constitution of the union, July, 1923. These soviets are the primary organs of a government based on the principle of communism, seeking to give the power to the working classes. They are the supreme local authorities; consist of representatives, chosen annually, of workmen (elected by shops, organizations, etc.), soldiers, and peasants; and send deputies to the higher soviet congresses: volosts (rural district), uyezds (county), gubernyas (provincial), oblasts (regional), and the congresses of the constituent republics. All these soviet congresses meet annually. The highest governmental body of all is the union soviet congress, composed of representatives of town soviets and of representatives of the provincial soviet congresses. This congress elects the union central executive committee."

Black Prince's Ruby

Gems have played a great role in history, arousing the passions of men, willing to fight for or steal them. What tales the flashing Black Prince ruby, now among England's crown jewels, could tell! Its known career began with the murder of Abu Said, a native of Granada, by Pedro the Cruel, who was obliged to sacrifice his ill-gotten treasure in payment for help given to him by Edward, the Black Prince, in the subjugation of his rebellious subjects. Next the blood-red stone was heard of at Agincourt, where it flashed in the crown-encircled helmet of Henry V. It was then that its talismanic qualities were first noted, for, so chroniclers relate, it saved the life of the king when he was beset by assassins.

Visits of Death Angel Most Frequent at Night

The question of the time of day at which most deaths occur has engaged the attention of the French scientist, Lavastine, we are told in the Neues Wiener Journal (Vienna), reported by the Literary Digest. We read:

"On the strength of carefully collected statistical material Lavastine has come to the conclusion that the predominant majority of deaths occur at night.

"Most people die during the time of sleep, between seven o'clock in the evening and six o'clock in the morning. More rarely death occurs in the hours which man usually spends awake. Thus Lavastine observed last year that in the hospital under his direction about 120 patients died at night, whereas according to the records only 68 deaths occurred in the daytime.

"It is interesting that the French scientist, although he expressly emphasizes his rejection of astrology, traces this back to cosmic influences, still unknown to us.

"Moreover, he has also concerned himself with the problem of the hour of birth, and has collected extensive material from the memoranda of Parisian hospitals for women. Here, too, it is proven from statistics that the number of births in nighttime is greater than by day."



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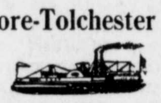
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Eavesdropping on the Other Man

By ALLEN JOHN ADAMS

RODGER MANNING walked stealthily around to the back door, and sneaked in quietly—as if he were a burglar, instead of the owner. Opening the back door softly, he peered about and crept down the hall to the living room. His return from town was two hours earlier than he had planned. He felt thrilled as he thought of the surprise it would give his bride of a week.

He grasped the handle of the living-room door and started to turn it slowly, but a strange voice from within the room stopped him. The words that he had heard seemed impossible; he doubted his own hearing. But there is was again—that low masculine voice that radiated such assurance; now it was saying suggestively, "I knew you'd come back to me. You couldn't love anyone else that way, as long as we were together." And then silence . . . damnable silence!

It was unbelievable! Ruth! Of all the women in the world—untrue to him. Only this morning, she had clung to him tenderly, and she whispered that she had never loved anyone else.

But there was the irrefutable evidence again coming to his ears—that low vibrant voice that sounded just as the perfect lover's should! Now, it was becoming more dramatic . . . and at times . . . a trifle muffled—as if they had their faces close together. He could think only of the lovely face that he had thought belonged to him.

It was more than he could stand. He felt very sick inside, as if he wanted to fall to the floor, and never rise again. He was aroused by the sound of that same insinuating voice again thrusting itself into his suffering mind. Strain as he might, he could not hear his wife's voice. The torturing thought, that she seldom spoke above a whisper when he held her in his arms, seared his feverish brain. She must be in this other man's arms now, whispering endearing phrases to this new-old lover as she had to him.

He felt dazed and helpless. Who was so all-powerful as to come in and take his wife away from him? His blood seemed to go cold at the thought of the thing. It was maddening!

Then, he heard the man's voice; it was soft, persuasive; it seemed like a very intimate whisper, but he caught, "and we'll run away together, dear—tonight!"

Rodger Manning suddenly saw red; and the blood that had seemed chilled in his veins began to feel as if it were on fire. He reeled away from the door, staggering with a blind rage that knew no bounds. The long restrained temper had burst it's leash, and his mind was filled with fiendish thoughts of revenge . . . action! . . . anything to destroy this soul-torturing vision!

He went into their bedroom and opened the right-hand top drawer of the dresser. Yes . . . it was still there, all right. He picked up the cold and dark-looking automatic, that now seemed like such a strange device to snuff out men's lives—and even women's! Turning it over in his hands, he stared at this black metal thing that could deal death so quickly.

He was in the stupified daze of a person whose mad rage has reached temporary insanity. Seeing his reflection in the mirror in front of him startled him. He saw a man with dilated eyes and slightly open mouth, who looked very pale and ghastly—a strange man, who held a weapon of death in his hand, and prepared himself for murder.

He thought slowly . . . murder . . . death—meant separation from the only thing in this world he loved; he didn't want to live without her—he'd kill himself, too. But the man—the other man: as he thought of the one who had wrecked his dream of happiness, his jaw tightened fiercely; and the lips that had been open, set in a hard line of determination. He would carry his plan through to it's bitter end.

After the shots . . . people would come in . . . and they would find three bodies—all dead; and the gun that had spoken revengeful justice and death, would still be tightly gripped by his hand.

He examined the automatic very slowly, and carefully—like a man who had eternity. Yes . . . it was fully loaded, and in perfect order; so he moved the safety-catch and took a firmer grip. They say that, "Every man kills the thing he loves. . . ."

As he turned the knob of the living-room door, he heard a slight sound from within, but not a word. They must be in each other's arms now—to be so silent.

He put the gun in his coat pocket—with his finger on the trigger—and pointed it forward. In a moment fire would come from that pocket.

Quietly, he opened the door, and took two steps forward.

As in a dream, he heard his wife saying: "Oh, Rodger, dear, you've missed hearing the most dramatic reading over the new radio that father sent us today? . . . Darling! you look as pale as death!"

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service.)

Royalty

"We ought to get a new cook. The old one is impossible."

"I know. But who's gonna get her to abdicate?"

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JOHN SCHAUBER

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TO PUBLICIZE PENINSULA

EACH COMMUNITY TO BE INCLUDED IN BOOKLET

A master booklet covering each individual community on the Del-Mar-Va Peninsula and presenting all their attractive features will be prepared, published and distributed as the official book of the Del-Mar-Va Peninsula by the Del-Mar-Va Eastern Shore Association.

Action deciding this was taken Monday at a meeting of the Executive Committee, Vice-Presidents and Governors of the Association held in Century Club Rooms, Dover, Del. President Stewart K. Powell presided and Association officials from each of the three States represented in Del-Mar-Va and the majority of counties heard the plan outlined and voted approval.

In explaining the proposal it was stated that requests from numerous communities and individuals have brought the need of such a publication before the Association. The features favorable to the publication, according to Association officials, include a sound and official distribution and circulation by the Association in answer to inquires and through the contracts with the leading travel bureaus and tourist agencies throughout the country which the Association has built up over a period of six years, thereby making it possible for the Association to guarantee a greater distribution than through any other source.

A second outstanding feature advanced in connection with the plan is that every community on the Peninsula will be given equal opportunity to secure individual publicity. This it is said will not only make possible smaller communities compiling the same material which they might use in individual booklets, at far less expense, but will provide a distribution which they would otherwise be unable to secure.

The Del-Mar-Va Association in issuing this book plans it to be an annual edition so that every community may have opportunity to bring up to date such features as may develop throughout the year. The book will replace the original master booklet issued and distributed by the Association to the extent of many thousands of copies.

In the plan presented to the Association's official board, attention was called to the fact that a book of this type would eliminate one of the handicaps the Association has experienced in that residents in numerous communities appeared to have the impression in some instances that the Association has been of greater benefit to some sections than others. The proposed book will offer exactly the same opportunity to the smallest community on the Peninsula as it will to the largest. The Association's official map which through the cooperation of the State Highway Departments in Delaware, Maryland and Virginia is brought up to date and published annually will be included. This will carry not only the complete highway routes but present every community in Del-Mar-Va.

Estimates for the printing of the Del-Mar-Va book will be confined to printing houses on the Peninsula as the book is to be purely a Del-Mar-Va product.

From expressions made by Association officials in various sections, the plan will meet with approval because of it being the first opportunity whereby all communities in Del-Mar-Va have had equal chance to present their story through an official medium.

MILLINGTON

Mr. E. T. Stevens spent Sunday with friends in Sudlersville.

Mrs. John L. Smith is visiting friends in Wilmington this week.

Mrs. Anna V. Taylor, of Middletown, spent last Wednesday with relatives and friends in Millington.

Mrs. S. Edna Jones was a guest of her sister, Mrs. David L. Bamberger, near Clayton on Thursday, of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Leo Gale entertained Mr. and Mrs. Norman A. Wallen and Miss Helen V. Numbers at a turkey dnner on Monday of last week.

Mrs. Eva Marvel has recovered from a week of illness of the grip.

Mrs. Paul Jones and little son, Bobby, are guests of her mother, Mrs. Eva Marvel.

Mr. Hugh Barton met with quite a serious accident on Saturday last, while driving the cattle in the barn he was attacked by an angry bull and had his arm broken at the elbow.

Mrs. H. H. Rasin entertained at bridge and 500 on last Saturday night among those present were: Miss Martha G. Hazell, Miss Clara Bryan, Miss Edna Strong, Mrs. Paul Comegys, Mrs. Merritt Brice, Mrs. S. S. Comegys and Mrs. George S. Stevens.

Mrs. Frank Lambert, of Wilmington, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Woodall.

"END" CHAIR

Teacher: Give an example of period furniture.

Starohope: Well, I should say an electric chair, beacuse it ends a sentence.

WORMY JOKE

"And some day the worm will turn."

"But what's its idea in turning? It's the same on both sides, isn't it?"



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IT SEEMS FANTASTIC

A Story of Persistent Love

By Fannie Hurst

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service.)

THE fact that he was married to Gladys Cowper was to remain a phenomenon to John Bayley.

That the lovely Gladys should ever have found in him sufficient attributes to claim not only her interest but her love, was something that even in the second and third year following their marriage, was to remain a miracle in the eyes of John.

First of all, Gladys, above everything, was so alive. She radiated a vitality that seemed to demand so much more than the sedentary life in a cottage which the young clerk in a large wholesale floral and tree nursery was able to provide her.

Gladys, before her marriage, had been the center of a group of youths eager to provide her with more than John could. She had lived her girlhood so recklessly in the spirit of dance, frivolity and adorable nonsense!

It gave a man pause to have come into the vast inheritance of a creature of this irresistible love-of-life. It gave him pause and more than that, it gave him the urge of high ambition.

A man had to justify his good fortune in having won a wife like Gladys. More than that, if a man wanted to hold her, he had to earn the right. John realized all this.

It gave him a sense of pride and at the same time filled him with a sense of torment.

What if the turn in the tide of his affairs was not to come in time? Gladys was so young, so unconsciously keyed to attract all who came within her orb. Even on the streets, heads swung after as she passed. In a group she predominated. A young husband had to look to his p's and q's.

Not that Gladys herself ever gave off the slightest awareness of the extent to which she kept her husband pitched to tiptoe. The first years were just happy, love-in-a-cottage; an adored wife and an adorable, good-looking young husband, who could be serious one moment and play-boy the next. True, resources were low. The position of clerk in the tree nursery was not remunerative and Gladys was filled with little wishes that tugged at John's heart.

"Darling, do you think we'll ever be able to afford just a second-hand little coupe? Wouldn't it be too heavenly having one to rush around in?"

"Oh, John, fancy being able to buy the mink coat in that window. Honestly, if I had just an imitation one, I'd curl up like a sardelle and die of happiness."

"Oh, honey, would I love a duck of a bungalow like that! Do you think we'll ever be able to afford one half as nice?"

John did think, a great deal. There was, of course, much to be said in behalf of his work at the nursery. The offices, within walking distance of their tiny suburban cottage, were set in the midst of acres of growing roses, aisles of spicy carnations, glowing riots of fuchsias, marigold, phlox, gladiolas and madonna lilies. From the window beside his desk, far as the eye could reach, there billowed the shining, tender green of young leaves and the wind-swept waves of color. It kept a man a little drunk with just the sense of rising sap and growing vegetation. It kept him somehow young, and in a strange ashamed way, reverential toward the beauty of the world about him.

All very well and good from John's angle. Pleasant unhurried work. The delightful proximity of his small home and lovely wife. The days that ended peacefully with Gladys waiting for him at the end of the floral pergola that led from his offices to the high road. All very well and good. But it got a man nowhere. One hundred and fifty dollars a month earned in the heart of a garden, got a man's wife nowhere.

Not that Gladys complained. Of course they talked and planned for a future, but there was something frighteningly indeterminate about that future. At best he, John, could only hope for an increase of from fifty to seventy-five dollars a month. Unless, of course, the unforeseen happened, and he managed to wangle his way into the firm. That, however, was unlikely. Only calamity or catastrophe could bring that about, and there were two husky young sons between him and the ultimate dream of membership in the firm.

Be that as it may, it must be said for Gladys that while she hankered for so many of the good things denied her, there was not in her attitude either rancor or bitterness. Just a wistfulness, and it was that wistfulness which, somewhow, broke John's heart, and at the same time filled him with fear.

There was a country club set in the suburb where the Bayleys had set up their home. While not part of it, Gladys had opportunity to observe, from the remote vantage of sidelines, the gay-spirited existence of the polo-playing, hunting, golfing, dancing and motor doings of neighborhood couples about their own age.

Evening after evening, the strains of dance music floated to them from the adjacent club house and sometimes, over the top of his newspaper, John could see the foot of Gladys, seated at her handiwork, tapping, tapping, to the rhythm, as if it were all she could do to hold herself in leash.

Never a word, dear darling, but John grew afraid, particularly as never an evening that Gladys did not meet him with this or that recital of what hearsay she had been able to pick up about the country club crowd.

Well, John decided to himself, it was just as well it was happening and above all, it was good that he was realizing it before something concrete came along to jeopardize his happiness. This way at least, he could take the step while there was time. Without this stimulus, he might be content to go on to the end of time in the pleasant fastness of his position and the perfection that was his in his martial relations.

It was about this time that he decided to take the situation in hand. Wall Street seemed to present the first rung in his ladder. Not in the gambling sense! John was too shrewd for that. The way to wedge in was as bond salesman. Various of his friends had worked their way to brokerage positions and finally wealth by way of that intermediate step.

John did not intend to risk one penny of his two thousand dollars savings. Rather, he would get out of his rut and into a business that promised a future.

The way to hold a beautiful, restless young wife, was to widen her horizon. The way to keep pace with the younger generation around them was to live a little dangerously.

A man was a fool not to realize that. Gladys, at first quite bowled over by the prospect of the radical change in their lives, admitted however to seeing the wisdom of a young man's alertness to his future.

Of course a small apartment in New York would be more diverting, and then there was John's future to consider. Naturally, a vigorous, up-and-coming young fellow, fairly bursting with ambition, must have his chance.

Curious, she told herself, how well John had kept this ambition in leash during those first few sweet peaceful years of their marriage! She had been lax and absurdly bovine in not discovering this latent restlessness in his makeup.

It was not easy dismantling the house. It was an absurd little affair, built like a gingerbread cottage and almost buried behind foliage and shrubbery that the nurseries had bestowed upon young Bayley when he married.

It was not until they were stripping the little garden of the furniture that together they had built and painted, that there arrived the moment when the equanimity of Gladys collapsed.

There were more tears than she had ever in her life shed and all in a volley, a revelation out of the blue.

"Oh, John—must we—must we—of course, I know it is for your good—a young fellow must have his chance—his future—but can't you stay back here, darling—and work toward it—quietly—just us. I haven't wanted you to know it, dearest, but it is breaking my heart to move into town, as just another wife of just another nervous, harassed bond salesman in just another flat."

Of course, the cat was out of the bag then. The most joyous bouncing elated cat imaginable.

The Bayleys still live in their gingerbread house.

It seems fantastic, but then life can be fantastic. The two sons who stood between John and membership in the floral company's firm were tragically killed on the same field at polo.

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